

## Like Tempting Fate by orphan\_account

**Series:** Jonathan Byers Learning How to Date [1]

**Category:** Stranger Things (TV 2016)

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**Characters:** Jonathan Byers, Nancy Wheeler, Steve Harrington

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**Summary:**

He can't go into the woods comfortably anymore, for reasons he thinks are probably obvious; Steve and Nancy still go.

So they're out by the lake (which, Jonathan feels, is a little like tempting fate too freely) and Jonathan is staring at the fire, even though the smoke is starting to make him tear up. Looking up is the alternative, and he just can't do it.

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Jonathan thinks maybe that he's going blind. But then again, that wouldn't be such a bad thing.

He can't go into the woods comfortably anymore, for reasons he thinks are probably obvious; Steve and Nancy still go.

So they're out by the lake (which, Jonathan feels, is a little like tempting fate too freely) and Jonathan is staring at the fire, even though the smoke is staring to make him tear up. Looking up is the alternative, and he just can't do it.

Nancy is sitting in Steve's lap, and they're whispering things that Jonathan assumes couples whisper when they're alone. Jonathan doesn't think too much into it, because asking would mean he'd either confirm what he already knows, that his presence isn't overall noteworthy and his absence wouldn't be noticed or missed, or that both of them are comfortable enough to do this while Jonathan was around, which would make Jonathan feel assumptive and selfish.

So he tries not to sulk and just sips on warm beer.

But Steve says, "Hey, man, are you having a good time?"

Jonathan doesn't need to answer, because Nancy says, "Leave him be, Steve. He's trying to be polite."

She turns to face Jonathan as he looks up. "Sorry. Steve doesn't know how to deal with people."

Steve scoffs into Nancy's hair and says, "You're such a bitch."

It makes Jonathan smile, that they're happy and that Nancy isn't afraid to quip and chide anymore. She seems a lot more like herself when she's matching Steve's remarks with clever comebacks.

Even if Steve didn't like it (which Jonathan knows he does, at least to an extent) leaving Nancy wouldn't be an option. Together, they had all been through so much that straight abandonment wasn't really option. Jonathan felt so sorry for them.

But Steve's hand clapped onto his shoulder, which brought Jonathan out of his lingering self pity for a moment. Steve sat down next to him on the log and wrapped an arm around Jonathan's shoulder, hugging him close. Nancy rolled her eyes from the other side of the fire, wrapped in a thick blanket and with her legs over the arm of Steve's lawn chair.

"What Nancy doesn't know," Steve started, "is that I am a considerate and gentle fellow. I appreciate the finer things."

Nancy chuckles once, "Like what?"

"Like beautiful art work," Steve said, and Nancy laughed again, "and the novelty of cheap beer around a campfire. Cold nights and warm fulfilling friendships, for example."

Jonathan grimaced and put his can up, which Steve clinked rims with after nodding once solemnly.

"And stars on a clear winter night," he said before leaning backwards with Jonathan still in his arm. Steve put his can to his lips before falling down, but Jonathan's spilled all over his coat.

"Shit," he said, but Steve shushed him.

"My dad used to take me out and we'd look at this shit with my telescope," Steve said quietly, almost like it was a whisper in Jonathan's ear, "I know where all the constellations are. I wonder why we quit doing that."

Jonathan looked at Steve out of the corner of his eye, and his face was illuminated by the glow of the fire and his eyes were wide and filled with starlight.

"Did you ever take pictures of this sort of thing, Jonathan?" Nancy said from above them, startling Jonathan.

He jumped back, but Nancy was already on his other side. Steve pulled him in to his chest and Nancy took up the remaining space on his forearm with her shoulder.

"That one's Achilles," Steve said, "right there. Can you see it?"

Jonathan blinked and turned his head back to the sky.

"I don't even know what I'm looking for, man."

Nancy wrapped her arm around Jonathan's waist and said, "He did this on our first date, too. He thinks it's romantic."

And a couple of things on Jonathan's brain clicked.

"Is this supposed to be a date?" He asked.

Nancy winced, "Is that okay?"

Jonathan sprung up, his head swimming for a bit because of the alcohol.

"No! I'm so sorry!"

Nancy sat up and brushed some of the dirt off her shoulders, and Steve situated himself so his back was against the log, and tisked, "He doesn't get it, Nance."

Nancy shook her head and took Jonathan's face in between her hands before leaning in and kissing him softly. Jonathan pulled back only to have Steve yank him down by the shoulder and kiss him, too.

Jonathan sprang back and looked between the two of them. Nancy

looked genuinely concerned while Steve looked smug.

"Are you alright?" She asked, putting a hand on his shoulder. It felt stifling, which reminded Jonathan about how he was covered in beer.

"I can't do this," he breathed, and Steve's smile dropped. Nancy withdrew her hand.

"I'm sorry," Nancy said, "you would look at us, and I thought you were jealous-"

Jonathan shook his head. "I mean, like, not in the woods? I'm really cold."

Steve sighed in relief and said, "Oh, thank god."

When they got into the tent, which was really Jonathan's car with all the seats down and two quilts laid over them, Jonathan took off his coat and shirt and laid three of them into the trunk. Nancy gave him her blanket and he wrapped it around one of his shoulders while offering the other end to her, but Steve took it and laid it down on all three of them, again, with Jonathan in the middle.

There was a stretch of silence while they all situated themselves- Steve curling up against Jonathan's back and Nancy on her side, cuddled up into Jonathan's front- which Nancy broke by saying, "You want this."

Jonathan nodded before he realized it neither of them would see.

"That wasn't a question." He said.

Steve's hand slid across Jonathan's stomach and laced their fingers together. "The missus was pretty certain."

"Can you slap Steve for me, and tell him I'm not his missus?"

Steve breathed a laugh and pressed his lips to Jonathan's neck, which made him shiver. Nancy pressed closer around his front, and tangled her legs with both his and Steve's.

"You're kind of his missus," Jonathan whispered.

"I'm kind of your's, too."

Jonathan didn't really have a problem with that.

### **Author's Note:**

Spooky show and honestly I need more fics about it  
also I know this is bad don't rub it in